

Entropy

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Entropy

by [jayyxx](#)

Summary

“We don’t have time for this...” Dream complains, even as he holds his aching head in between his hands.

“Oh don’t be like that, Dream. Everyone gets sick sometimes.” George says.

Dream breaks the number one rule and pays the price. George plays doctor and eats sweet berries. Sapnap makes friends and generally has a good time.

Notes

TW: wounds and wound cleaning, spider bite (ref), general sickness.

Disclaimer: This is RPF. It is not intended to convey messages about anyone featured in this work. If anyone featured in this work is uncomfortable with this being posted, please contact me via twitter (@fishonisland) and it will be deleted.

omg...so I quarantined with my four teenaged brothers which means I played a lot of Minecraft and watched a lot of Minecraft and dreams videos were burned through on both ends. no joke they played 24/7.

so -- I don't actually ship any of these ppl LOL but I can't write and not make it shippy. I mean come on. mc irl is my fav thing ever to write. this is so fun. i've spent literally every night writing up til like 2am. idk why i wrote george as the calm level headed one. that's def not him. i wrote sap as the fun lovely cuddly one, which is true, but??? i guess this only further exemplifies the point that these r not real ppl. i'm literally just using their names.

chapter 1 is v platonic/pre-slash, chapter 2 is slash. Both can be read standalone (kinda) and the tone of both is different.

EDIT 09-02-20: added second chapter & general revamping, pls read ch2 notes

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“We don’t have time for this...” Dream complains, even as he holds his aching head in between his hands.

“Oh don’t be like that, Dream. Everyone gets sick sometimes.” George says, spreading sweet berry jam on toast. He passes out pieces to Dream and Sapnap, sitting side by side on the bed.

Sapnap bites into it happily. “I’ll gladly hang out here a while. This place is nice!”

Yeah, it was very kind of the villagers to let them hole up in an old home while Dream recovered. Sapnap’s easy on the eyes; he effortlessly charmed the young woman into letting them stay, but the tall tales of Dream’s mission and his sick sob-story probably helped. The house itself is small, but warm, and George enjoys getting his knapsack off his shoulders for a while.

Their horses are tied, fed and happy. The villagers let them tie them where they kept their sheep, so they had hay and water. George only hopes they’ll find something in the caves nearby to repay them.

Dream pokes at his toast. George sighs.

“Dream please. Stop pitying. Eat up so you can sleep and we can leave.”

Dream leans heavily against Sapnap. He feels awful. The spider bite on his leg is throbbing. He’s been washing it in the saltwater but the stinging hasn’t died down. Only he would get sick at the same time he’s recovering from a spider bite.

Sapnap is rubbing his back. He actually does feel quite tired. He probably shouldn’t sleep yet, so the boys aren’t alone, and besides, he feels a little better now that he’s sitting down. He reminds himself to try and stay awake, even as his eyes roll closed.

“Alright.” Someone mumbles and the bread is taken out of his hands. “Sip,” the same voice says, and he drinks down some water as the jug is pressed to his lips. He’s pushed back into the bed and covered in a blanket as Sapnap slides in beside him and pulls him to lay on his chest. He can tell it’s Sap by the touch of his hand. He lets him comb his hair and lull him to sleep.

When he wakes up, it’s dark. Sapnap is deeply sleeping beside him, keeping his hands to himself but his head angled into Dream’s shoulder. He rubs his eyes and sits up. For a first time in a few days, his head feels clear.

“Hey,” George whispers from his post against the wall by the door.

Dream sits back on his elbow. “Hey.”

“You hungry? I cooked those pork chops.” George is mending an old pair of boots with some leather strips. He must have found a tradesmen in the village.

“Nah. Thanks though.”

“You should eat something...”

Dream thinks on it for a moment. “Do we have cacao?”

George smiles, somewhat fondly, Dream notices. “You want a hot chocolate?”

“I’ll make it.” He says, starting to slide between Sapnap and the wall to get out. “Let’s swap.”

“No no!” George whisper-shouts. “No, you’re going back to sleep.”

Beside him, Sapnap stirs. “Dream?” He asks, and his voice is adorably sleepy. “Lie down.” He insists, even though no one answered him.

Glancing at George, who gives him a nod, he falls back into the cot and pulls the blankets up.

It’s insane how his body does a 180. Last night, talking with George, he thought maybe all he needed was a couple hours of real sleep.

Wrong.

His head is killing. His stomach is cramping. His fucking leg is itchy and bruised. The universe is really trying to punish him for pulling an all nighter in that cave system alone.

“Please, Dream...” George is practically begging him to drink some mushroom soup. Even if he *had* an appetite he wouldn’t try it. Mushrooms are gross. Especially the brown ones. You can never tell if they’ve gone bad until you bite into them. How would he know if it was in a soup?

“Dream.”

He blinks up at George. George touches his head.

“He’s really warm. We might have to get his fever down.”

Sapnap, chewing on a finger nail in the corner of the room, anxiously agrees. “We can take him to the river. The cold water will help?”

“Dream. You’ve gotta eat something.” George begs again.

“Mushrooms—” he tries to convey he’s profound feelings regarding the fungi but as he opens his mouth, George puts the bowl to it and pours.

He doesn’t spit it out. He’s not an animal... But he doesn’t like it, and thrashes away. “Stop. I’ll puke.”

“Ender, okay, Sap, grab an arm, we’ve gotta break this fever.”

“Your boots.” Dream says. How did the patch work? Are they comfortable? He wants to know. He remembers, far in the back of his brain, George with a pretty smile, glasses pushed into his hair, still wet from his wash, sewing patches into a pair of boots.

Before he can voice this, he's moving.

George holds him up as Sapnap takes off his clothes. They're due for a wash, Dream knows, and cringes at Sapnap having to take them off him. They probably smell. His hoodie is gone first, then his tee, and his boots and socks. It takes Dream a moment to realize the hands pulling down his pants are going to reveal the gore tearing up his left calve. He tries to stop them, but George holds him down.

"Dream, Dream, it's just us. It's okay, we're just gonna have a bath."

He doesn't want to have a bath. It's going to hurt.

"The fuck?"

"What is that?"

"When did this... Dream?"

"What did this?"

He's lost track of who's speaking. George's soft accent is lost on him. Glancing down, his calve is red and white. The small spider bite has spread from a small spot when he last checked to a full circle of blistering pus and itchy rash. His skin looks raw like a zombie.

"Holy fuck. This is infected. Like super infected."

"Look how red it is!"

They stop for a second. Dream enjoys the quiet.

"Dream," George says, "I don't think you're sick. You have an infection."

"Spider." Dream supplies.

The boys start up their chatter again. *Do we even have anything to treat it? Is there a healer in the village? We might have to find a witch?!*

Dream begs them to stop. He's tired. He hurts.

"Okay." George says. "Okay. We're gonna clean you up and get you back in bed. Is that okay?"

Dream doesn't reply. He doesn't say much else as Sapnap lifts his legs, George his shoulders, and they bring him into the water. Sapnap has taken off his trousers and boots, standing in the rocky stream, lowering Dream's legs into it.

He hisses. Sapnap lets the water rush over his wound for a moment before rubbing it gently with his hand. Something in the back of Dream's fever ridden brain supplies that that's fucking gross, and he turns his head away from it.

George holds him against his chest, arms wrapped around his middle. Dream leans his head back

onto Georges shoulder, trying not to groan as he lets Sapnap take care of it.

George says something quiet to him. At first it's kind of nothing about how they'll 'get him fixed up,' and how he'll 'feel better soon.' Then it's grief striking questions; 'why didn't you tell us?'

Soon, George passes him to Sapnap, who Dream leans on heavily, trying to keep himself out of the water, as George strips out of his clothes. He's passed between them like a doll as one dips his head under, one scrubs through his hair, one washes under his arms, one rubs over his chest.

Sapnap rubs his thumbs under his eyes, and Dream can't tell if his face was wet with river water or tears.

He doesn't remember what happens next. Not at all. It kind of freaks him out, in hindsight.

When he comes back to himself he's back in the home, back on the bed. George has his leg in his lap, rubbing it down with a cloth. It looks better, actually. Less white and yellow, but equally as red as before.

"Hey," Sapnap says quietly, coming to kneel beside his bed. "How's it going?"

Dream nods.

"Ready for some dinner?"

Dinner? He missed the whole day?

He must not respond quick enough, because Sapnap presses something warm into his hands. He helps Dream cup his fingers around the mug, mumbling "here, try this first."

Dream does, and drinks down huge mouthfuls of warm sugar water and bitter cacao. He barely tastes it, gulping it down quickly.

George is wrapping his leg with strips of cloth. He had covered it in a thick paste, and wiped his hands on the bedspread. "Okay. Dream? You listening?"

He is.

"I wiped it with alcohol after I drained some of the infection. I covered it with honey and herbs, and I'm gonna give you some iron with your supper." George looked to him for a reaction.

"Sounds good?"

Dream nods, dreadingly. "Honey. Honey's good."

Sapnap swiped hair out of his eyes, voice low and full of worry, "you're not so hot anymore. Do you feel better?"

Dream doesn't really know. His head is full of cotton and his limbs are covered in the heaviest of armour. The thick stuff, like when you don't melt it down enough. "I feel okay."

George gets out from under his legs and stands to crack his back. "God. I'm sleeping on the bed

tonight.”

“Yeah, of course.” Sapnap says. “Go grab some dinner, I’ll sit here.”

After staring at the two of them for a moment, George nodded slipped out the wooden front door. Dream watched him go, then watched the ceiling.

In a small voice, Dream requests Sapnap to pet his hair again. Sapnap snickers. “You must be really out of it.”

He drags his hands through Dream’s sticky hair, fluffing it into puffy shapes and scratching over his scalp.

“Sap,” Dream whines, but he doesn’t know why.

Sapnap hums, thumbing the hair around his ears. Dream’s eyes well up.

“Oh Dreamy. It’s alright. You’ll feel better soon. George did a good job on the bite.”

It only makes him feel worse. He’s been unconscious most of the day. Leaving his boys to defend for themselves. Horrific images of a Pillager raid or Zombie attack fill his mind while all he can do is lay in bed. All because he didn’t want to tell them he went in a cave alone. He broke the number one rule.

It wasn’t for nothing, not really. He’d been reading up on enchantments and couldn’t stop thinking about how the boys’ faces would light up when holding a glowing, enchanted sword. He knew he needed a diamond to power an enchantment table (he traded for one in a village a while back; it folds up small into his knapsack.) He didn’t want to use one from the stash. He was trying to be helpful, really, but the thought of surprising one of them with enchantments was too good. He was selfish.

“I’m sorry, Sap.” Dream manages. His head hurts with the increased pressure of crying. Stupid. He’s stupid. Stupid crying, stupid not dealing with his wounds, stupid getting them stuck on their ass in a village for 3 days.

Sapnap, exhausted in his own way, drops his head to Dream’s bed. His hands still tangle in Dream’s hair. “I know buddy.”

When Sapnap looks up at him, Dream’s lip quivers. Sap leans up to drop a kiss against his forehead as Dream wipes his eyes. George walks in behind them.

“What’s happened?”

Dream covers his face. Sapnap smiles warmly. “Just our hourly pity party.”

“Awh. Boys...” George whined, dropping plates and bowls on the floor by their bags. He instantly crawls to them, sitting beside where Dream’s laying. Sapnap leans his head on his thigh. “We’re gonna be fine. This was just a little misstep. We’re still on target.”

Sapnap nods, looking at dream. “And we’re still together.”

George folds over and lays on Dream’s chest. “Stop feeling bad. It’s not you’re fault.”

“Well, kind of is.” Sapnap supplies helpfully. They glare at him.

“Stop it. Both of you. We’re gonna eat and we’re gonna sleep. I’m sleeping with you, Dream, my

backs fucking killing.”

Great. Now Dream’s thinking about how tiny George had to lug Dream down to that river just hours ago. He squeezes his eyes shut.

Sapnap hands out dinner and George ensures Dream his soup is red mushroom. Doesn’t mean he likes it any more, but he doesn’t complain. He drinks it slowly, his stomach gnawing at it, and tries not to vomit. That would totally ruin the moment.

It’s hot tonight. Sapnap sits against the open door, feet dangling over the stairs leading outside. He whistles as he crushes berries with his mortar and pestle. George has been eating sweet berries by the spoonful lately. Sapnap always sneaks handfuls into his pocket when he finds them.

George is fast asleep on top of the blankets beside him. His back is to Dream, but he can see his ribs move with each gentle breath. The boys both sleep much deeper than Dream ever does. Dream can’t sleep more than a couple hours at a time. He hates the sleep-shift, always opting to take the first watch, when the Mobs come out near midnight.

The wood creaks and Sapnap disappears into the village, water jugs in hand. Dream watches the door carefully, leaning up on his elbow. His wound has soaked through his bandages, or maybe just the honey has, and it’s sticking to his blanket. He throws it off, and lays it over George.

Whistling returns as Sapnap comes back with full jugs. Quickly Dream lies back down, pressing his forehead to George’s back to hide his face. Sap drops two jugs by their bed, and sips his own as he goes back to his post. Dream pretends to be asleep for so long, he drifts off.

The village bell wakes him.

The irony of him thinking just last night about how he never sleeps very long at once time, and he’s slept right through the night.

George and Sapnap have switched posts, clearly, as Sapnap is curled in Dream’s blanket by the door, where George was keeping watch. Dream can imagine Sap’s head in George’s lap, George whispering to him as Sapnap falls right asleep. Always needed to be touched, that one, or be touching.

With the sound of the bell, Sapnap sits up like he’s been shocked, blanket flying off him and arms flailing. Then he groans, rubbing his eyes at the sun.

“Up you get!” George cries, kicking Sapnap in the rib. “Come help me with the washing.”

Whining, Sap does, and they both leave him alone in the home, door wide open. He hears the village begin to wake up, the sound of smokers being fired up, the well bucket being dragged, the cows being fed. Dream listens for a moment.

George and Sap speak their own language. Dream can’t make it out, but his ears burn nonetheless. He knows they’re talking about him.

Dream forces himself up, swinging his bad leg down hard, hissing as it lands. He leans heavily

against the wall, head spinning. He hasn't been vertical in what feels like days.

Suddenly he knows he's going to faint. He can feel his legs give out and his eyes roll. He shouts for George, the quickest to act in serious danger, and just as he does, finds the floor beneath him level.

George is beside him in a moment. His arms are around him, he's holding him up. "Dream, Dream, calm down. You're safe."

Sapnap helps get him sitting down. Dream feels drained by just two minutes of physical exertion. He's gonna be stuck in this village for fucking weeks. "I want to go outside."

"Okay, you can, just let us help you." George suggests.

"I'm fine." Dream says, pushing himself up again. He can't stop Sapnap from looping an arm around his waist, but he'll never tell George just how much he lets him hold his weight.

George has new bandages in his hands. "Okay, just let me..."

"I can *walk*, I've been walking on this for weeks." Dream bites.

He doesn't mean for it to hurt. He doesn't. But George's face turns turns shocked and angry and Dream does nothing to stop it.

After a moment of nothing, George asks, "When did you get this fucking bite?"

Dream stands defiant for a moment, not answering. He knows he doesn't look as tough as he's trying to, slouching over Sapnap, who's watching them with worry, but he puts it in his words. "Like, two weeks ago. When we were in the plains."

George drops his hands. His face has gone slack. "*Two weeks?* You had this infection when we were in the *Nether*?"

"It didn't hurt." Dream says, like that makes it all better.

George throws up his hands, shaking his head. "Unbelievable. You're unbelievable, Dream."

With that, George throws the clean bandages on the floor and stomps out the open front door. Never one for dramatics, once outside George corrects his posture and walks normally in front of the villagers, so no one will suspect a thing.

Dream deflates like a frightened squid, becoming dead weight against Sapnap. He listens to George walk away before turning to Sap. "Go get him. Please?"

Sapnap's face is one of worry. "Yeah. I-I should." He drops Dream back on the bed. "Don't move, okay?"

He's not gone long, and thankfully, because Dream panics every moment they're apart, even when he is at full-health. George doesn't want to talk to him, gathering some fishing supplies and leaving again.

"Did he say anything?" Dream asks. Sapnap shakes his head, grabbing the clean bandages from the floor and their jar of medicinal honey and herbs. He grabs Dream by the arm, yanking him up, and keeps an arm around his back as they follow George.

"You feel any better?" Sapnap asks, bare feet in the grass.

Dream shrugs. "Yeah. My leg hurts but at least my head doesn't hurt as bad."

Sapnap hums. "Feel like fish for lunch?"

They keep up light chatter as they walk. Sapnap comments on how much he likes this village. Maybe he's feeling nostalgic. As they continue down to the stream, Dream remembers this place very vaguely, like looking through broken glass. He can see George holding him in the water, while Sapnap, on his knees in front of them, wipes Dream's wounds clear.

Current George is pulling the leather straps through their woven bucket and is about to strap it to his waist when Sapnap stops him. "George, let me fish first!"

Still slightly pissed off, George drops the bucket and shakes his hands out. A nervous tic of his. He gets a hatchet out of his pile and takes off along the tree line.

Sapnap sets Dream along the edge of the river, bandages and honey in hand. "Here. Change those old ones before George gets back."

And then Sapnap turns to the water, rucking his pants up to the knee and pulling the leather straps of the bucket around his waist. With his sword in one hand, line in the other, he stands over the water, waiting for the salmon to come by, all while dragging bait a couple metres down.

Dream feels tired just watching him.

It does feel good to be outside. His head is clearer than he's felt in a while, and after taking his bandages off, he sees his leg is clearing too. Still very red, itchy and wet, but the white and yellow seeping from each bite mark has fixed itself overnight. Dream thought he was taking okay care of it. He wore his long pants to protect it, washed it well. He feels stupid for not realizing the white was not dead skin, but infected tissue. He has no one but George to thank for the quick thinking.

He turns his head and watches George pick some apples, then dunks his bandages in the water to clean them. Watch George, clean wound. Watch George, clean wound. Watch George, watch George, watch George.

"*Ender*, what?" George yells from across the field, exasperated.

Dream lifts his eyebrows at him. Innocently, he pats the spot on the ground beside him.

As George approaches, begrudgingly, swinging his bucket of apples, Dream looks up at him. Puppy dog eyes in full swing. "Can I talk to you?"

George rolls his eyes, coming to site beside him, criss-cross apple sauce. He takes a blade from his pile of fishing gear and slices into one of his apples.

Dream takes a big breath. "I don't know... why you stormed out earlier."

George bites his apple. It preoccupied his mouth, and he simply cannot respond.

"I know you're mad I didn't tell you. But it wasn't because of any of the reasons you're thinking it was." To that, George raises an eyebrow. "It wasn't because I don't trust you guys, or whatever. It's 'cuz I was embarrassed."

Dream picked at a ripped thread on his pants, almost as if he was trying to get a reaction out of George, who's fixed an obscure amount of holes in jeans this past year.

"I went in a cave alone. I broke the number one rule. I left you guys unwatched and mined alone." Dream shook his head, blonde hair in his eyes. "It was stupid."

"Why were you down there?"

Dream shrugged as if he didn't know. "I was reading about enchantments. I wanted to surprise you."

George looks unconvinced. "Why didn't you wake us?"

That night it had been cold. He remembers so distinctly, the layout of the land, the plains sprawling and crawling with critters, but none dangerous. Mods were silent that night, even past midnight. It must have been the moon.

"You were sleeping. Sap hadn't slept that good in a while. I couldn't wake you." Dream tells him but explains nothing about the feelings that overcame him as he stood over their sleeping, curled forms. George on his side, plastered to Sapnap who's head was turned to his. George's arms were around him and his head tucked under Sapnap's chin... Dream had tucked the blanket around them to keep out the chill. He worried if he watched them much longer, he'd say something aloud his own ears would regret.

"Stupid." George responds.

"Yup."

Down the river, Sapnap successfully spears a fish, holding it out triumphantly. He's caught a couple with his line, but it's always more exciting when he gets it on the sword. Dream waves to him.

"I'm not mad at you. By the way." George picks at the seeds inside his apple. "I'm just... I don't know. It's just sometimes you do stuff that you would *never* let me do. Like, when you went into that jungle temple, you didn't even let us come with you. Like I know it's 'your journey' and everything but... If you won't let us help you, why are we even here?"

Dream can't believe they haven't talked about this sooner. How long has George felt like this? That he shouldn't even be here? That's ridiculous. Does he not know how far Dream would have gotten without him and Sapnap watching his back? Not very far. Dream knows these things, but why can't he say them?

"I wouldn't have... I wouldn't have made it through the Nether if it weren't for you guys."

George has nothing to say to that. The bruising, burnt skin on Sapnap's back makes itself known in the front of his brain.

"I need you. Both of you."

"So why won't you let us help?" George snaps.

Dream draws back, worried he's said the wrong thing again.

George continues, "even with this! We nearly had to cut your leg off and that first night you wouldn't even sit still. You were so fevered you couldn't see straight yet you were still telling us how much of a time-waster this was."

Dream can see that. That would be annoying if roles were reversed. He'd very happily camp for a

few days without moving if either of his boys needed medical care or rest.

“I just wish you’d let us take care of you.” The softness in George’s voice surprises Dream, who glances over with furrowed brows. “You always take care of us.”

Dream nods. “I’m... I’m trying.”

George has a rebuttal on the tip of his tongue, but doesn’t open his mouth. He knows Dream’s trying. He doesn’t mention how the only reason he’s *trying* is because he’s never been hurt like this on the journey. He wouldn’t be trying if this was any normal scrape or scratch.

But George can appreciate it nonetheless.

“Guys!” Sappnap shouts. He points into the water, and before them, a small school of salmon swim right past them. Red and gold and green, their pack makes their way up stream, never even knowing any of them were watching.

“Must be a sign.” Dream says.

“A sign it’s mating season.” George deadpans.

The salmon make their way along, and Sappnap respectfully watches them go. He giggles as they bump his legs.

Dream turns back to George. “Will you help me wrap my leg?”

George rolls his eyes, but Dream’s leg is wrapped before the time Sappnap returns with a half a bucket of fish. They watch in amusement as he displays the size of each of his finds.

“I think the villagers will be happy with these.” He comments, idly putting them back in his basket and winding up his fishing line.

Sappnap carries the fish and the apples and the gear and only complains a little bit. George carries Dream and Dream carries the weight of their discussion all the way back to the village. He knows he’ll be bringing this up again.

“George.”

The torchlight is dying off, throwing shadows around the room. George perks up from his corner, distracting himself with a book.

“Come lay down.” Dream asks.

George shakes him off. “I’m gonna watch a little longer. Let him sleep.”

Him, Sappnap, is currently koala-bear to Dream’s front, wrapped around him with every limb, head tucked under Dream’s chin, has no intention on waking any time soon. Dream’s got his arms around him, holding him as he breathes warm against his throat.

“I’ll watch for a bit.”

“*Dream*, you’re sick. Plus I don’t think he’ll let go of you.”

Dream smiles. “Okay, then just lay down. Don’t sleep.”

George let’s his arms fall, the book smacking into his lap. “We won’t fit.”

“Probably not, but...”

Sapnap, annoyed with the vibrations against his forehead from Dream’s chatter, whimpers, “Georgie.”

The little dark-haired devil gets him every time. George puts his book aside and makes the short trip to the bed to press himself against Sapnap’s spine. He was right, half of his body is dangled off the edge of the cot, but he wraps his arms around Sapnap’s middle and pulls himself closer. With his chin on the crown of Sap’s head, he’s inches away from Dream.

“Don’t go to sleep, now,” Dream drawls, “wouldn’t want us to be well rested.”

“Shuddup.” George slurs.

“Yeah, shuddup!” A sleepy Sapnap complains between them.

George grins, gentle and kind and pretty. Dream’s heart picks up every time. He’s suddenly infused with emotions that make his head feel cloudy again. Watching George blink at him, it’s easy to voice; “I love you.”

George lights. He lights more each time he hears it. Dream wonders why he doesn’t say it more.

“Love you, too.” He replies. Between them, his hands tighten around Sapnap.

Sapnap is too out of it to hear, but Dream tucks his head down and kisses him, once or twice or six times on the forehead, physically feeling him swoon for him.

He loves them. He’d do anything for them. It’s about time he’s reminded of that.

He wakes up alone.

Which isn’t abnormal but thinking about how he felt last night, wrapped in Sapnap’s arms, pressed against George, he wishes he could have seen them in the sunlight.

It’s very early. He can tell by the way the air feels, still and chilly. No ones up to move it around, so it lays heavy on top of him. George and Sapnap are seated side by side in the doorway.

“I wouldn’t mind it.” George says.

“Just... I feel safe here. I haven’t felt like that in a while, and I won’t feel like that *for a while* once we leave.”

“I’ve got a couple emeralds left.”

“I don’t think they mind us.” Sapnap gestures around him. “No ones bothered us once.”

They’re talking about leaving. Dream suspected they would probably say their goodbyes within the day, not wanting to overstay their welcome. He shuffles in the bed to watch George and Sap.

“Maybe I could get sick.” George says, and it makes Sapnap laugh.

Dream falls back asleep before they even notice him.

The second time he wakes, he gets himself up and makes himself useful. He changes his own bandages and fixes his hair, tidies the room to his standards before shoving some tools in his belt and hobbling off.

The few days of rest off his leg settles into his bones so deep he forgets how to walk without help. He’s been going every single day for the past year, rarely staying more than 24 hours in one spot, his boys hot in his tail, and now... His legs feel weak and his muscles is sore from lack of use. Walking feels good, but every other step stings down to his toes.

Making his way outside by himself is an accomplishment. He finds George chatting with a villager, holding up his sack of apples from yesterday. Yesterday afternoon Sapnap scored some potatoes and beetroot for his fish, and it seems like George got some baked goods for his apples. Dream makes his way around the back of the house, out of sight, to watch over the miles of plains.

With a big grin, George walks up to him to show off his three chocolate chip cookies. “Nice, hey?”
“Yep.”

“He asked if we’d seen any lapis in the systems lately. I told him I hadn’t, but I’ll keep an eye out.”

Dream nods, warming up to the morning. “Well, I guess we can mine a little tonight.”

George furrows his brow with a soft, confused smile. “Really?”

“Yeah. I mean, it’ll take us a few nights to find a deep enough system.”

George is giving him the look he has hoped for. Where his eyes are squinty and his cheeks are red. It’s sort of dreamy, he thinks, and wants to kiss it right off him.

“We can stay here a couple days?” George asks, sceptical but distracting Dream with his expression.

Dream shrugs. “Yeah. A little break before shit hits the fan.”

George laughs at that stupid expression and shakes his hands out. “You better tell Sap.”

“Tell Sap what?” Sapnap asks, popping up out of no where as if he sensed their weird tension and wanted in.

Dream shuck his head, smiling. “We’re gonna stay here a few more days. Give my leg a couple more days, let you guy—“

“Dream, Dream, can I kiss you? Just a little one. C’mon,” Sap interrupts, getting his hands all over Dream’s unstable form. Dream laughs, batting him off, but no to avail. “Dream c’mon, lemme have it.”

“Sapnap, get off man,” Dream complains.

“Just a little one!” Yells Sapnap as he finally lands one on Dream’s cheek, swinging around to catch George in the same hold. “Dream team. C’mon guys, Dream team!!!”

“Okay; alright, go on, get out of here. I’m going down to rinse off a bit.” Dream says, shoving Sapnap’s arm off his shoulder.

“Oh I’ll come with! I made a bunch of stuff off those fish yesterday. Did I tell you, Dream? I got potatoes and carrots and beetroot. I saw some lady was making pies! Maybe I can trade for a pie!”

Amongst Sapnap’s rambling, Dream smiled at George, who looped an arm around his waist and helped him down the hill towards the path. Sapnap continued to explain his plans for trading, and George tightened his arm.

Dream glanced up into the sun. High noon. They’ve got all day.

Chapter Summary

Dream stirs the pot, George gets revenge, and Sapnap's all smiles.

Chapter Notes

this is definitely ship now.

CW: polyamory and relationship negotiations. & kissin the homies

In their youth, Dream and Sapnap lived in a village not unlike this one.

A plains-village runs slightly differently than a taiga-village, if only that plains typically prioritizes farming and livestock, and Dream and Sapnap were brought up on lumber and mined goods. It's different, but good different. He assumes that's why Sapnap likes it here.

Also, maybe, because they hadn't taken a good ole' fashioned rest in about a year.

Sapnap has made fast friends with most of the villagers. His villager-speak isn't great, but his trades are, and the villagers seem happy to attempt to interpret what he's saying if it means they get trades out of it. Sapnap loves the animals, loves the kids, loved the village bell. Dream watches him running after three children of the village in the plains and wonders why he took him out of his comfort zone.

George, sat beside him on the grass, is sketching on old cartography paper they've picked up over the weeks. It's a landscape of some kind, but his hand often smudges the charcoal and he doesn't look at it for too long.

"Look at him," Dream says, mostly to himself. "He's a perfect village boy."

George smacks him with his paper. "Oh shush. He's perfect at everything."

Dream shrugs. It's true, but there's something about watching him frolic in the fields like they did when they were young. Dashing through the forrest ground, climbing spruce trees, getting tangled in sweet berry bushes. Crazy how he now associates sweet berries with George, but only because Sapnap had shared his last of their stash with him, one of their first days out. "*They're all I've got from home,*" he's told him, and now George savours every one he finds.

Leaning his head against George's, he wonders if there's after this. After village life, after the End. He assumes he'll die there. He assumes life ends there. He doesn't think about whether his boys make it or not, because in his mind, they move on. Leave him at the stronghold and find a nice village. Maybe they settle down for a while, like now, but forever. Maybe they have kids of their own.

George snaps a finger in front of him. "Dude."

“Sorry.” Dream’s cheeks heat. “Just thinking.”

“Hm. Care to share?”

Not really, Dream thinks. It takes him a moment, but he asks, “do you like it here?”

“Yeah, it’s alright. Just a village.”

“Do you think, maybe, you’d like to stay here?”

George stares at him.

“With Sap.”

“Without you?” George asks, incriminating.

Dream nods.

“Oh, *Ender*, Dream, really? After we’ve made it all this way, you think you can dump us here?” He gets so heated about this, Dream knows... but sometimes Dream just has to hear it again.

George cups Dream’s face in his hands. “We’re not leaving you.” He shakes his face and says it again.

George’s eyes are intense and his brows furrowed. Then he rolls his eyes and shakes him off. “You’re so annoying.”

Dream chuckles. He knows. He just wanted to hear him say it.

The thought doesn’t really leave him alone, though. Every time he sees Sapnap, he’s reminded of the little kid who used to boost him up ledges in caves, and always share his finds, and insist on sleeping in the same bag on overnight trips.

He’s sitting close, hands in his lap, their thighs pressed together. It’s dark, and warm, and the firelight is keeping away any danger.

George is half asleep across the fire. His hands are folded behind his head, bobbing along to a CD spinning on the jukebox by his ribs. He’s relaxed. They’re relaxed. They’re fine.

Sapnap has his bandana in his hands, folding it and tying it. Dream is watching him.

He bumps their shoulders.

Sapnap has eyes so dark you fall in. They’re warm and soft and kind and Dream feels like he knows him so deeply he’s drowning in him. He reaches over and holds his hand. Sapnap likes that. He knows he does.

“How was your day?” Dream asks, voice close and breath hot.

“Good,” Sapnap replies, playing with Dream’s fingers instead of his bandana.

“I saw you running with those kids.”

Sapnap nods, a soft smile tugging at his lips. “Yeah. They were fun.”

The fire crackles with a loud pop that draws him back to the world around them. He scans for skeletons, then reminds himself to relax. Like George.

“Why were you watching me?”

The question catches Dream by surprise, maybe because he was trying too hard to relax. He sinks back into Sapnap’s gentle grin and feels his heart tug at his ribs. “I was just thinking about Little Sap. With your long hair and your little pickaxe.”

Sapnap beams at him. “Oh yeah?”

“Yeah,” Dream sighs. “Sometimes I can’t believe you’re here with me.”

He watches Sapnap’s face in the firelight. His hand comes up to brush back Dream’s hair. “Where else would I be?”

And before Dream has time to tell him what great things he’d be doing if he hadn’t dragged him through the Nether and back, Sapnap gets a hand on the back of his neck and kisses him.

They’re fourteen again, sitting on the roof of the blacksmiths and eating stolen bread. Sapnap’s got a toothy grin, big ears and curly hair, and Dream loves him so much it hurts. He kisses him before he knows what he’s doing, like it’s an instinct. He’s not surprised how easily he falls back into it.

He and Sap have always been in sync. George says it all the time. They say words at the same time, they laugh at the same things, they move around each other so fluidly in caves it’s like they’re dancing. Sapnap’s mouth against his is nothing new, but it’s shiny and pink like it’s his for the first time all over again.

Sap’s hand in his hair is all it takes. He’s reminded how funny this whole thing is. They’re stuck in this village because he’s got a block sized hole in his leg. They’re nearing the end of their journey, so close to the finish, and they’re curled up by the fire, necking like teenagers with George not 5 feet away.

Yet somehow, it all makes sense. It always does. They always do.

He’s sharpening his axe behind the house, midday the next day, when one of the kids from Sapnap’s little group approaches him.

She stands from a distance for a while, watching him work. He knows she’s there, she knows he knows, but they both just continue watching each other for a few, strange moments, before Dream finally says hello.

“Are you Dream?”

He smiles softly at her. “Yeah. Hi.”

“I’m Evann.” She introduces. “I’ve heard about your journey.”

Dream smiles at her. For a child who rarely sees new faces, she has very little stranger anxiety. Dream likes to meet new people, but his villager-speak is iffy. He’s thankful she speaks slow and clear.

“Will you really kill the Ender Dragon?”

Dream drops his axe and his hot stone. He hates this question. He hates how it makes him feel. He hates answering it.

“It’s... A prophecy. A legend.” Dream with a big exhale. Evann’s eyes drop disappointedly. “But... I will try.”

“Take me with you.” She begs.

Dream tilts his head. This happens a lot. Many noble villagers have heard stories of his trip, and search to accompany them. He can’t take them. He can’t even take George and Sap.

This gives him déjà vu. A few months ago, a boy similar in age and size to them approached, asking them to take him away from his village. He explained he had much more to give than this. He begged, after a while, offering up everything he had to let him come with.

He got teary eyed when they left him. Dream didn’t sleep a wink that night. He doesn’t even remember that boy’s name.

“Have you been to the Nether?” He asks.

He clearly messes up his pronunciation, but Evann understands all the same. “No. My mother would never let me.”

Dream shrugs. “She’s right. But that’s your first step.”

“How do I get there?”

Ender, her eyes are big and wide and green. He can’t imagine a kid like her in the Nether. Having watched the boys struggle through the trip, he never wants anyone to ever have to go there. That’s why he’s on his journey, he supposed.

He leaves his axe on the grinder and waves her over. “Come with me.”

Evann is excited about the attention, jumping to catch up with him as his bad leg carries him. He moves slower than she thought he would, and she’s quickly ahead of him.

He has her stand outside while he digs through his bag, hung over the back of the door. He tugs out books and sticks and arrows, digging for his notes and George’s sketches, and his fingers bump into his jar of blaze powder.

Outside, he kneels down and holds out some papers, bound by leather, explaining the details of his journey. “Can you read English?”

She nods, taking the book.

He points to the drawing of a blaze rod; “these are melted down to become this,” he shakes the jar of blaze powder. His stomach turns at the memory of the rods, burning holes in his pockets, his knapsack, Sapnap’s hands. The powder itself is harmless. He passes it to her.

“This is your first ingredient,” He tells her, tapping the jar with the yellow gold dust. “Do you know what comes next?”

“Pearls,” she replies, eyes wide and excited on the jar in her hands.

Dream nods. “Have you ever seen an Enderman around here?”

She hasn’t. She doesn’t even know what that word means.

“Me neither. You’ll need to find a dessert. We crossed one, not 300 blocks back. It’s far but…”

He’s part trying to be nice, and part trying to scare her off. She’s so fixated on the powder in her hands. He takes it back.

“Hey,” Dream gets her attention. “Never go alone. Ever. Always have a group.”

“Like your group?”

“Like my group,” he confirms.

They walk back into the village together; the house Dream has taken up is on the outskirts. It’s not a far walk, and he enjoys the quiet company Evann brings him. She’s happy with his book, skimming through pages of portal-math, lists of do-not-forgets, samples of things they found.

As they make their way to the village square, George is chatting with a woman in a long dress. He calls for him at the same time Evann calls for the woman.

“Dream! Come here!”

His eyes are glowing with excitement. *Oh boy...*

The woman bends to examine the book Evann holds up. Evann is beaming, pointing at the sketches and a taped down piece of quartz crystal.

The woman smiles kindly at her excitement. Evann turns to show George as well.

“Oh my,” he whistles, “who gave you that cool book?”

Evann blushes and ducks her head. Dream fights the desire to do the same.

The woman puts a hand on Evann’s back. “Run on, girl. Go on.”

“Have you seen Snap?” She asks them.

Dream and George giggle. George crouches down, hands on knees. “*Sap*, Evann.”

“Right.”

“He’s by the stables. He probably would like some help with the horses.”

Apparently they’ve met before and George is comfortable enough to push her shoulder in the right direction. She runs off, clutching her new book tight.

“You may never get that back.” The woman comments. She’s tall, wears a dark dress and has greying hair. She has striking blue eyes and a gentle face. Dream feels like he knows her already.

He shrugs. “She can have it. She’ll get more use out of it than I will.”

“Dream, this is Lynn. She’s the village Cleric.” George explains with a wicked grin, like he knew how that word would make Dream perk up.

And perk he does. He finds himself at a loss for words. “I— I’ve been wanting to learn.”

“Enchantment?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

She hums. “You’re going to the End, aren’t you?”

He nods. It’s a question he’s used to being asked in every village they come across.

“Brave. How’s your archery?”

“Good,” he says with a shrug, somewhat confused with the correlation.

“Best on the team.” George boasts. Dream blushes.

“You’ll need an enchantment on your bow to take out the Towers,” Lynn says, and pauses, thinking. “I can teach you. Will you be staying in the village?”

“We can leave at any time, ma’am. But if you’re willing to teach me, we will stay.”

She hums. “One lesson, one enchantment. I’ll show you how to do it. Give me 3 emeralds and... bring your own lapis.”

Dream feels butterflies in his stomach. He glances to George for reassurance.

George beams at him. “Yeah! I’ve got some emeralds and we need to get some lapis anyways. We can go tonight.”

He turns to Lynn. “Can I meet you in the morning? I’ll need to restring my bow.”

Lynn nods. “Fine... Who else requested lapis?”

“The baker, with the short hair? He asked me about it yesterday.” George replies.

“David,” Lynn rolls her eyes. “Don’t give him any. We’ll be eating blue bread for weeks.”

George is pumped to mine again. He’s gotten really good at it; no longer just holding the gems while the *real men*, as Sapnap so humbly put it, mine the caves through.

“*You’re from a mining village, idiot.*” He can hear George’s voice in his head. Sapnap, always quick witted, would repeat the phrase in a horrible attempt of George’s tundra-village accent, laughing so hard at himself he’d fall over.

George had never mined a day in his life. For less than a year, his improvement is impressive.

George slides down the edge of a small drop, jumping and landing gracefully. He sets his torchlight down and reaches his arms up to Dream.

“No.” Is all Dream has to say about that.

“You’re not hurting your leg again,” George says, making grabby hands at him.

Embarrassed, Dream clings to the edge of the wall as he lowers down. George grabs him and eases him to the cave floor. George’s hands slide from his hips and up his side and Dream’s face has been burning with every touch they make recently. He doesn’t want to think about it, Ender forbid George touch his face and accuse him of having another fever.

And yet, George is close. Closer than normal. Typically George is off the walls, hoping rocks, exploring the walls closely with his torch. Right now, George might as well have his hands in Dream’s back pocket.

They’re careful around lava and water. There’s tons of red stone in this cave which Dream disappointedly passes up. After seeing the red stone he’s not surprised when George shouts he found lazuli.

George picks it while Dream scoops it into a bottle. The dust covers everything. It’s in George’s hair, it’s on Dream’s hands, it’s in their throats.

When Dream looks up, a skeleton is ten feet away, arrow loaded and bow pulled.

His shield is an attachment to his body. He moves it like a limb. He calls for George, who instinctually ducks, and Dream gets an arrow in the shield. Dream stands tall, taking up as much space as possible; a trick he learned from Sapnap, who’s always been smaller than who he was put on-guard for. Dream reaches for his bow, his hand slipping and missing. The Skeleton reloads. Dream doesn’t have his bow.

It’s on top of his blankets on his bed above ground. He’s restringing it later, so he’s letting the wood relax for a night while he mines. He hasn’t seen a single fucking mob the whole time he’s been in this village, and he’s greeted one with an arrow to his head and he’s defenceless.

By his ribs, George reaches around and throws his axe. It connects with the skeleton’s pull arm and takes it off at the joint. The stupid thing shakes for a moment before losing balance, falling. Acting quick, Dream runs over and disconnects it’s head.

The cave is silent between them. George, yards away, blue in his hair and on his glasses. Dream’s heart is rabbit fast.

“Do we have enough?” He asks, but it doesn’t sound like a question.

George nods, still shaken, stepping over to his pickaxe.

“Leave it. I’ll make you a new one.”

George nods again. He takes his hand. “Let’s go up.”

Dream doesn’t know why that’s shaken him so much. Two weeks ago they were fighting ghasts and pigmen, skeletons with black charcoal faces and cold fire in a hot hell.

He's gotten too comfortable here. He needs to leave. Whatever spell this place has on him needs to be broken. He can't be weak like that again.

He steps on George's knee to boost himself up that same ledge. They are quick after that.

Near the surface, Dream is faster than George. George hates that.

"Dream, Dream please," he begs, his knapsack heavy with mined goods.

Dream follows his torch lights, picking them up and waving them out as he goes. His mind is reeling faster than his feet and he's overwhelmed. When George grabs his arm, he nearly tears away.

He catches himself just in time. He knows who's touching him. It's just George. George, who has been the most amazing thing to happen to him and Sapnap in many years. George, who's a comfort at the right times, and tough at the right times, and a solid support all the time. George who's perfect, and smart, and kind and beautiful. George, who he's *scaring*.

"What happened?" He asks him when he his feet finally catch up to him.

"Nothing," George insists. "You saved me."

Dream feels like the ground will crumble. He reaches for George out of pure necessity. He touches his face, thumbing just under his eye, smearing blue across his skin. He can't stop himself from holding both hands against his cheeks, a tool George uses on him when he gets out of control. He feels more out of control than ever.

Dream has lapis on his fingers.

Kissing George for the first time feels like scratching a bee sting. He knew, deep down, this was going to hurt, but he did it, and it felt so good in that moment. He feels like he's fighting. His head swirls the same way, his heart races the same way.

As soon as they break apart, not a few seconds after they started, Dream opens his big stupid mouth and ruins everything. "I kissed Sap."

George is confused. Dream wishes he could shoot himself in the foot for not watching George's face, lax and calm after being kissed for possibly the first time ever. "What?"

"Two nights ago. At the campfire."

George's eyes go mean. "Then why did you kiss me?"

The question throws Dream off, as if he never expected George to require the answers that Dream wishes he had. "I don't know."

George's face is blue. Dream's is surely red. When George storms off, he lets him go.

Ignoring the first rule, Dream sits in the mouth of the cave for an hour longer. He watches the moon go overhead. His walk back to the house is dark. No ones torches are lit. Not even his own.

Inside Sapnap is holding George, peering at him as he walks through the door. He's lulled George into sleep against his chest, getting in on the mess of blue stained skin.

Sap doesn't say anything. Doesn't need to, because Dream feels bad enough. His stupid mouth. His stupid brain, stupid feelings, stupid hands. Dream sets down his shield and sword and sits outside on the step on the watch-shift.

Every time he glances back, Sapnap is watching him, holding George protectively like Dream is the enemy. He's looping fingers through George's hair. No one says anything. No one has to.

No one trades posts for him to have a sleep-shift, so Dream gets an early start. He cleans the blue lapis dust off his skin and clothes in the river and fetches well water. He trades for some eggs and uses the butchers pans to fry them up. He eat two and slides the rest into a wooden bowl, placing them on the porch step beside his boy's newly filled jugs of water. He tends to the horses, jogs on the spot for a couple minutes if only to give his heart a reason to race so fucking early in the morning.

He's sat with a cold heart all night. He sat outside, watching the moon and the bats while his boys slept, not having the heart to wake either of them. Not having the balls.

He assumes it's too early to go to Lynn's, but with his bow newly strung and all his morning chores done, he has nothing else to do but twiddle his thumbs.

With his bow and enchantment table in hand, his knapsack full of emeralds and lapis, he knocks on the cleric's door.

He spends most of the morning with Lynn, who guilds his hands and shows him the steps. He wishes desperately to take notes, but watching Lynn in fierce concentration seems to take his mind off note taking, and other things, for a while

She lends him a diamond, the thing that got them into this mess in the first place. She loads up the lapis and the bow and reads from a glowing book and moves her hands weirdly and Dream is fixated by the theatre of it all.

He walks away with a bow that can shoot 50 feet farther. He's excited to show Sapnap but when he

gets home, the house is empty. In fact, he can't find Sap or George anywhere.

The panic that had been sitting in his throat all night and all morning has returned full swing. He can't be excited about his bow anymore. He puts all his stuff down and sits on the floor in the centre of the house and breathes hard into his hands.

He fucked up. He fucked up so bad.

The rest of his day is a nightmare. He cooks himself some fish and then barely eats a mouthful. There's a rock in his belly and he can't get around it. He needs to know where they are. Needs to know they're okay. Needs to see them.

They haven't been apart in over a year.

"Dream?"

Dream swivels around, standing. "Evann."

She looks concerned. "Are you alright?"

"Have you seen Sap?" He asks, the nickname all the kids use for him slipping off the tongue easily.

"No. I saw him by the horses. He was going to the woods." Her English is choppy. "Did you check the woods?"

He shakes his head. "I... I'll go check now. Thank you, Evann."

"Go in a group!" She says as he walks off. The short conversation calmed him down an awful lot. He walks fast down to the tree line.

It's like something out of a movie. As he approaches their usual spot by the river, jogging slightly down the hill, he sees Sapnap and George wander cluelessly out of the woods, each wearing buckets strapped to their waists, overflowing with apples.

"George! Sapnap!" He yells for them, like a maniac, but he's so desperate to be near them again he doesn't even notice. He runs faster.

They both pause along the tree line, watching him run. As soon as he's close, Sapnap puts out an arm to slow him down. "Stop running, dumbass, we see you!"

He slows down, limping off his bad leg and comes to a stop in front of them. He fights the urge to

grab them both and pull them close. “Where—Where were you!? Why’d you leave me?!”

“We didn’t. You left us.” Sapnap says, linking his arm to George’s.

“You were gone when we woke up.” George states matter-of-factly.

“I was with Lynn!”

“Okay!?” Sapnap sasses. “And we were picking apples. Are we supposed to be mind readers now?”

“Well, no, but—“

“Are we supposed to leave a note when we go out now?”

Dream does not like this energy at all. He stares at them in horror.

“Dude,” Sapnap says. “We’re messing with you. I thought maybe you needed some alone time.”

“Well, I *didn’t*.”

“Well, I did.” George starts. “I needed some space. Okay? So we went out for an hour. Sorry to freak you out.”

Sapnap turns to him, hand on their linked arms, but George’s eyes are heavy on Dream’s. Sapnap seems to sense the shift in the air and hoists up his apple basket on his hip and walks off towards the water. These apples need a good, long, long, long scrub.

“George,” Dream tries, but he can’t do it.

“You hurt my feelings, Dream. You made me cry.”

Dream shrivels.

“You kissed me then told me you were kissing Sap behind my back.” George shrugs. Dream’s stomach is a knot, his eyes begin to sting with the desperate need to make this all better, and then George says; “So I kissed him too.”

Wait, what?

He must show it on his face, because George gets a little smirk out of his confusion. It burns, getting a taste of his own medicine.

“He took me to the forest to get some apples and...” He scratches his nose. “Whatever. And he found some sweet berries and gave them to me. And he was telling me about how you used to give him sweet berries when you found them, and now he was giving me sweet berries...”

George digs his hand into his pocket and pulls out a handful of red berries. He grabs Dream’s hand and deposits them into his palm. “So, now we’re even.”

”George,” Dream says but his voice is tight and quiet. There’s a voice in his head that sounds a lot like his Mom’s telling him to breathe.

“If you can have us both, then I can have you both.” George says and oh my Ender-Eye Dream might faint.

“George. You—I—That.... *Ohh*,” Dream puts his fists to his face, holding the berries tight, red staining his hands. “That’s what I wanted. That’s what I wanted all along. That’s what I wanted to tell you when I kissed you. Was that I had both of you.”

George’s eyes get squinty. He shakes his head. “What?”

“I’ve... Ugh.” It’s hard to voice. There’s a pressure in his chest that’s been building all day. He wants so desperately to explain himself, but can’t stomach hurting George again. “I-I have... loved Sapnap for a very long time. Okay? Like all my life. I always thought it would be him. But here you are. And now...”

“You love us both.”

George shrugs. Like it’s easy. Like this isn’t tearing Dream up.

“No. Well, yes but,” Dream holds up a hand. “I love you together.”

George raises an eyebrow, and chuckles. “You love us *together*?” He points between himself and Sapnap’s nonexistent form beside him. Sapnap is off doing more important things than talking. Which Dream thinks is stupid. He should have to suffer through this too.

“No, I—“

“That’s kind of pervy, Dream.”

“Oh, my—“ Dream covers his face. “Sapnap! Sap! Come here!”

“Why? So you can watch us kiss a little?” George teases, ignoring Dream begging him to quit it, “smooch a little?”

“Who’ we smooching?” Sapnap asks as he walks up between them.

“I’m trying to explain to George why I... kissed both of you.”

“Because we’re beautiful and sexy and you can’t keep your hands off of us?” Sapnap helpfully adds.

“Well, yes, but...” Dream puts his face in his hands. This is exhausting.

Thankfully, Sapnap laughs and George takes pity on him. “Okay, okay. Sorry. We’re sorry. Please, explain away.”

Thankfully they’re lightness about this whole thing has lessened the pressure in Dream’s chest. He smiles, rubbing his eyes until he sees spots. “I’m *trying* but I don’t even know what I’m trying to say.”

“Okay. So you said you’ve loved Sap like all your life,” Sapnap blushes, eyes widening at George’s words, “and now you think you love me—“

“—I do love you!”

“—and you don’t know how to pick.”

“No!” Dream claps his hands, stopping that statement right as it leaves George’s mouth. “I don’t want to pick! I-I can’t pick! Damn! I’m sorry I ever brought this up. I don’t know what I’m even saying.” Dream’s hands tangle in his hair, pulling. He takes a big breath, not even daring to look up

at them. He sort of feels like crying.

“I just... Wanna be with you guys. Forever. I wanna’ kiss you guys and snuggle you guys and,” Dream murmurs. “I don’t wanna’ make it weird, I just love you guys, and wanna’ kiss you.”

They’re all staring at their feet. The wind around them moves the trees, adding to the overwhelming sound of river water and silence in Dream’s ears.

Sapnap’s boot taps Dreams. “For what it’s worth, I get it. I kinda feel the same way.”

Dream glances up at him. He knew Sap would have his back.

“I mean, yeah, I’ve loved you since we were little. We both kinda’ knew that. I never really thought I’d meet anyone else that I’d...” He trails off. Dream’s eyes are on his and they both glance to George.

George finds the grass very interesting.

He throws up his hands.

“I hate you guys,” George complains. “All this time I thought I was the crazy one for wanting in on whatever this is...” He gestures between them.

“And Sapnap... I’m sorry I sprung on you like that. I know you were just trying to be nice...”

“Oh shut up George. If you feel so bad about it just kiss me again.”

George smirks. “Is that a challenge?”

“If you make it one,” George snickers. Sapnap is quick to it, only mocking George a little bit before holding his face in his hands and kissing him deeply. George’s eyes fall shut and the whole thing is a painting. Dream’s breath isn’t coming very fast at all.

They’re so sweet. Small and soft and gentle with each other, Sapnap smiling into his mouth and George pushing up to meet him. Dream thinks he might faint, actually.

George laughs, turning his cheek into Sapnap’s mouth. “Really, Dream?”

Dream hadn’t realized he’d even made a sound. “I just...”

“C’mere,” George says, reaching an arm out for him. He comes close enough for George to catch his chin in his fingers and tilt his head into his, mouths meeting like a fight and then softening into it like a dream. Their slight height difference is perfect for this and Dream has a weird thought in the back of his mind telling him they’re made for each other.

Dream sighs. “Does that mean I’m forgiven?”

George bites his lip. “Not yet.”

Beside them, Sapnap is bouncing on his toes. Dream grabs his arm and pulls him. A quick peck on his mouth satisfies him for the moment, and he breaks away from them to jump around, throwing his arms in the air and yelling. George finds this hilarious, chasing after him, grabbing his T-shirt.

Dream just watches. Swoons.

“Dream,” George whispers, coming to stand over his bed.

Dream hums, rolling out of his blanket.

“I lied, earlier.” George says in the dark.

This makes Dream sit up, wipe the sleep from his eyes.

“I didn’t kiss him to spite you.” He laughs, wetly, and Dream thinks he might be crying. “I kissed him ‘cause I wanted to.”

“Oh,” Dream sighs, leaning up on his arm and reaching for him. “I know, I know.”

George goes to him, sitting beside him on the bed. In this light, this close, Dream can see his eyes are wet. His hands are shaking. “I never want him to know I said that, Dream. It’s not true, I shouldn’t have even—“

“I know, Georgie. We were just playing.”

“I know what u mean,” he continues as if Dream never spoke. “I know what u mean now, about loving you together... I can’t imagine him thinking I only kissed him to make you—”

Dream doesn’t know what to say.

They sit in the dark for a moment, letting George calm down.

Dream stands and walks the two steps to the door, pushing it open and calling for Sap. He’s not sitting at his usual post, but he’s not far, and as he gets nearer, Dream tells him George needs him.

Sapnap has always had a fiercely protective side. He can’t even attempt list all the times he’s gotten into fights in Dream’s honour. He was the same with George, the moment they stumbled into each other’s lives. Sapnap moves quick and is inside, curling cat-like around George faster than Dream can close the door.

“No, not sad.” George murmurs into his throat.

“Overwhelmed?” Sapnap supplies.

“Tired?” Dream tries.

“Excited.” George says, finding the right word. His tears don’t really connect to the feeling of “excited” in Dream’s mind, but hey, what does he know?

Sitting with them, Dream wraps around them both. They sit for a while. The world is still.

“Will you sleep with us, Sap?” Dream asks.

Sap nods. “Yeah. For our last night.”

“What do you mean?”

He looks up at him. “We’ve got a dragon to fight, dude.”

This week has been such a whirlwind, Dream’s lost track of what’s really going on. Outside this town. Outside these arms.

“You’re ready to go?”

“You feel better. You got your enchantment,” Dream had showed them earlier, much to their, and the village kids, excitement. “We talked about it earlier. We’re ready.”

George hasn’t said much in the past few minutes, enjoying his time as a teddy bear in Sapnap’s lap. He glances to nod his agreement. “But I’ve gotta sleep tonight.”

“Yeah. Okay! Yeah! We’re gonna do it. We’re gonna fight that dragon!”

They look at him with confusion. “Uh, yeah, man. That was the plan all along...” Sap voices.

“But now it’s really happening!” He explains, voice far too loud for the current conversation. He smiles like a dork for a second, before leaning down to kiss his boys on each forehead. “We’re ready. We’re gonna do it.”

George laughs. “Dammit, Dream, yes! Yes. Stop yelling.”

He crushes them both by laying on top of them, grabbing and kissing anything he can get near. It feels right to settle down, lying between them, half on top of them, and whisper, “I love you.”

“I love you, too.” They say at the same time, then laugh at the same time.

“I love you, Sappy.” George smiles.

“Love you, Georgie.” Sapnap copies.

And Dream falls asleep, warm and safe, and sleeps all through the night.

After all, they’ve got a big journey ahead of them.

epilogue.

With his knapsack over his shoulder and his tools in his belt, he passes on a few final emeralds to their neighbour, who was letting them borrow his old house. “Thanks again,” he says to him, and makes his way through the square.

Evann and the other kids are hanging off Sapnap near the stables, where George is climbing over sheep to get their horses set up.

Evann notices Dream from across the way and leaves Sapnap's arm in one piece to dash over to him. With that arm, Sapnap tackles another kid to the ground, shouting in success.

"Evann," he greets, and drops to a knees to hug her.

"I've already read through your book," she says in broken English. "I've made a plan to visit the Nether in a few years. I need a lot of supplies."

"A plan is good." Dream says, holding her at arms length. He pauses for a moment, and drops his knapsack to his hands to dig through. He paws through books and tools and junk before finding a jar. He brings it up and inspects it; it could be honey, blaze powder, lapis... Luckily, it's what he was looking for, and he hands it to her.

"Ask Lynn about *fire resistance potions*," he whispers to her, like it's a big secret. "That's the ingredient you need. Take some before you go."

She looks down at the jar of green, yellow, red magma cream. She inspects it closely, and Dream's heart clenches thinking about her getting hurt.

"And remember to—"

"Go in a group." She says, and lifts her head to smile at him. She hugs him again. Over their heads, George calls for him. "Thank you, Dream."

"This isn't goodbye," he says, standing. He leans down, promising her: "I'll see you in the End."

End Notes

added a second piece for fun. hehehe

lil notes: got a comment about "ender!" which i'm using as minecraft slang for, like, god! or christ! or whatever. no gods only ender dragon. also i wanted to play up the idea that the villagers speak a different language but i think i lost it. if it confused you, same, but i thought it was a cute idea...?

thx for the sweet comments last go round, I appreciate you. hope you're safe and healthy <3

visit me @ [ghostcas](#) on tumblr

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